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Mr. Phelps.
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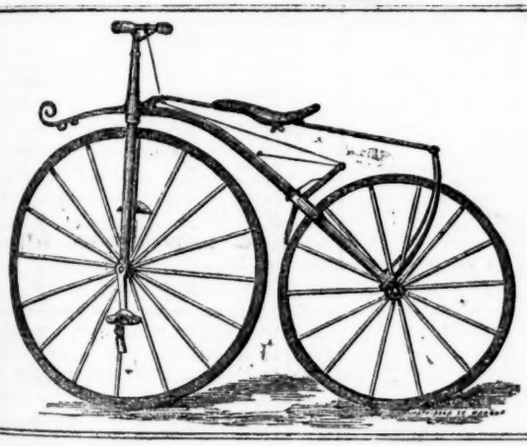

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10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
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40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 6½d.
40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 4d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 10d.
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10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 7½d.
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5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
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Real Maltese Collars, 11½d., worth 2s. 6d.
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Ditto, ditto, 10½d., worth 1s. 9d., in great variety.
Real Coifs, real Berthas, real Handkerchiefs, &c., very much reduced.
Honiton Collars, Berthas, Laces, prices will astonish.
Several hundred pounds' worth of Imitation Chuny Laces, new patterns, low prices.
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18 Dozen Muslin Tie Handkerchiefs ....8½d.
50 Dozen Muslin Ties ..... 9½d.
A very large assortment of Garibaldi Jackets, from 2s. 6d. to 25s. Purchased very cheap.
About 15 Dozens Muslin Chemisettes, nicely worked, 11½d. to 15s.
Bodices, Muslin Crossovers, all new this season.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

40 Dozen.. .. .. 11½d. half-dozen.
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 2½d. "
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 4½d. "
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 6½d. "
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 9d. "
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And so on to .. .. 5s. "
Ready Hemmed .. 1s. 1½d. to 5s. "
Hem Stitched .. 4½d. to 5s. each
Sewed Edgings, Scollops, and Insertions, amounting to upwards of £2,000.
Every Article Marked in Plain Figures.

G. R. ALLINSON, General Manchester Warehouse) Families supplied. Any length cut from the piece at Wholesale Prices, (54 & 54a, Hig

SEA WEEDS,

FROM THE COAST OF ANTRIM.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

BELFAST TO PORTRUSH.

And thus, by many winding nooks, he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.—SHAKESPEARE.

YOU know, already, how I got to Belfast; and you know, also, that Belfast is chiefly famous for ships, linen, whisky, and firkin-butter. Well, the butter is good, of its kind; but I would rather have it fresh than salted. And then, the only sea-craft of which I am owner are two painted ships upon a painted ocean. I am slightly connected with linen, it is true—and eke with whisky, in a limited way; but I have no farther interest in these commodities than my own personal consumption goes; so I had no commercial reason for lingering in that thriving haunt of amphibious life. I don't know where my linen comes from; but it is chiefly composed of cotton, and it is also of such charming variety of cut that if any stranger chanced to see my six shirts he would think they belonged to seven different men. As for my collars—well—collars are a kind of floating capital, constantly undergoing exchange in one's rounds of visitation; they separate from one another in a curious way, and sometimes for a long time; and then, unexpectedly, they "meet again, like parted streams, and mingle as of old." To-day I wear one man's collar, to-morrow another's—like a Saxon Serf, continually changing masters. I sometimes sit down to read these sibylline slips of flaxen web, for they bear many a name that wakens up a surge of pleasant thought along "the pebbled shore of memory." So much for the linen. And now, a word about whisky. Happily for us all, drinking is not a fashionable vice in these days; and whisky, like a razor in the hands of a monkey—is a dangerous thing to play with; but, if I said I didn't like a taste of it, now and then, I should certainly be a distinguished member of the total abstinence from truth society. Perhaps the less one says about it the better; but my whisky is like the wind—"no man knoweth whence it cometh, nor—" —at least, I don't know; except that the little I have tasted here has been better than I have found it anywhere else in the world. Salt butter, ships, linen, whisky, and shindies—my connection with these things is only of a trifling personal kind, so I did not stay in Belfast. There are places of great interest about it, too; and the lough is very fine; but none of these things could tempt me. As for the lough, I had been satisfied with that on my passage; and the smell of the engines, and the rock of the steamer, together with a sleepless night, had so sicklied me, that I longed to get to my journey's end, where I could "steep my senses in forgetfulness" a while. As for the general features of the town—Belfast is a mixture of Glasgow and Manchester; and, having had enough of that sort of thing for the present, I rattled away from the pier to the station, upon a ricketty car, with as little curiosity as if I had seen the place a thousand times. The only thing that made my heart look over its shoulder, now and then, into the wake of the departing car, was that I had two or three friends in the place—one of them a man of decided mark, too—for he has thrown more light upon the general condition of that city than anybody else that ever lived in it. But, in spite of all this, I came away by the first available train.

There are two routes from Belfast to the Giant's Causeway: one by the far-famed Coast Road, which is lashed by the waves of the northern ocean, and leads through scenes of rocky grandeur, and picturesque beauty; the other, and the shorter route, lies in a direct line, inland, passing by the old town of Antrim. One of the most perfect specimens of the ancient round towers of Ireland is in sight from the Antrim station. The town stands near the head of Lough Neagh, the largest lake in the British islands. Massarene Castle is close to the town. Its embattled gateway stands at the head of the main street. And Shane's Castle, a ruined fortress of the ancient O'Neils, kings of Ulster, stands at the head of the lough, about two miles from the town. The distance is sixty-eight miles from Belfast to Portrush, the pleasant little bathing-place, at which the railway line terminates; and from whence we can go on, by car, seven miles, to the Giant's Causeway. And that car-ride, by the edge of the wave-worn rocks, is well worth the while, I can tell you. Well, to make a long story short, I took the inland route from Belfast to Portrush. And now, here I am once more, wandering by the shore of the heaving sea!

When I reached Portrush, about the middle of May, I found it comparatively dull and chill; for the cold skirts of winter had trailed farther than usual into summer time, and very few visitors had arrived. But, for my own part, I was glad to get there, for the sake of the quietness, and the sea; and then, the place always looks picturesque to me, even in its dullest aspect. And yet, winter life in little bathing-places, which depend solely upon summer visitation for their existence, must be of a strange kind. I remember a sea-side village of that sort, in another part of the world, which, during the summer months, was one ceaseless flutter of gay colours and fashionable life, from end to end. It seemed as if no amount of winter could ever cool its genial glow. By chance, however, I saw the same place in December; and I found it sitting in shivery desolation, beneath a leaden sky. Fierce winds swept through its damp, untrodden streets, and the whole town had a funereal aspect. It looked more like a watery grave than the abode of living people. The poor, winter-smitten inhabitants—who had to draw the breath in the summer months which was to keep their bellows going through all the dreary remainder of the year—seemed to be in the last gasp of expiring hope. There was a most unearthly melancholy about it, from end to end; and its smokeless chimneys seemed to have uttered their last cry to the heavens for help. The monotonous patter of rain was audible in all its silent thoroughfares, and the moan of a misty sea wandered through the dead silence, laden with ghostly sighs of the drowned. It seemed as if all the inhabitants had been buried in damp ground, except one forlorn lingerer, left gazing, with stony eyes, through a dirty, rain-beaten window, into the wet street. Now and then, the wild scream of a cormorant came from sea-beaten crags in the distance; but there was not a living thing—not even a starved dog—to be seen. The nearest visible evidence of life was a dead sea-gull, which lay upon the main street, soaking in the heavy rain. Where the bird had fallen, there it rested; for there was nobody to carry it away—nobody to be offended by it—except a wet rat, which came trailing its lean limbs through the mud, and, after smelling at the foul relic of mortality, trailed back again in disgust, through the heavy rain, into the damp hole which was soon to be its grave. "To Let," "To Let," "To Let," in every lonely window; and not a soul in sight to let anything. The people had all died before they had time to take these melancholy tickets down. The whole town was "To Let." It looked like a place built with a view to the promotion of suicide—with the king of terrors as chairman of the board of works—and all the elements of nature conspiring to further the intention of its origin; or, like a town so long besieged that its defenders had eaten one another up—all but one—and the ghastly diet had made that last despairing remnant irretrievably ill, with nobody left to smooth his damp pillow, and see him "draw away;" or, like a place suddenly brought to light after being submerged by the sea—a place in which there was no life to be found but long-clawed marine creatures, creeping among the tangle and weeds that festooned its sea-steeped ruins. It was a place to build tombs out of. One solitary magpie sat motionless upon a ruined wall, with glazing eyes, and the rain dripping from closed beak, as if his mission in life was over; and, in a weedy back-yard, a famished and chickenless hen stood upon one leg, knee-deep in water, waiting till its last prop should give way, that it might lie down in the water and die, like the rest. It was a sad and stirless scene, and the only sounds to be heard were the eternal voices of nature—

Washing of the lonely seas,
Piping of the salted breeze;
Day and night and day went by,
To the endless tune of these.

I dare say, now, that some critical reader may say that this picture is

overdrawn. Well, let us be thankful that it is so, and pass on, with willing steps, to a livelier side of things. Certainly, little Portrush has no connection with such a scene as this; for, even in the depth of winter, it is sweet and picturesque; and the stormy moods of the ocean then lend a grandeur to those fantastic shores which is almost unknown to the milder months of the year. Beside, the little town has a not wholly cheerless winter life of its own, and is quite able to keep itself warm till summer blinks again on "flowery braes." But, to return to my own experiences of this visit of mine. During the first month of my sojourn here, the weather was decidedly shaky. It was a strange mixture. One day a blaze of midsummer sun; then twenty-four hours of heavy rain; followed by two days of north-east winds and Arctic frost; and the rest of the week made up of shavings from all the four seasons of the year, boiled down to a kind of shivery jelly, and served up cold. It seemed as if the lavish refulgence of last summer had forestalled this year's supply of heat, and the season of fruits and flowers had to be filled up with the sweepings of nature's weather warehouse. But, for my own part, I felt content; for green, historic Ulster was here. the wild glens, and wilder coast of Antrim were here; the highlands of Donegal were in full view; the isles and mountain-tops of Scotland were in sight; and the waves of the wild ocean, surging up by night and day, within a few yards of my window, seemed to say, with ceaseless voice of mournful sound—

> Take heed, take heed,
> We are writing faster than ye can read:
> At every pulse of our sire, the deep,
> On headland and shore we are laying to sleep
> The leaves of a mystical lore.

All these things had inexpressible charms for me; and let heaven send whatever weather it pleased, I felt glad to be once more in direct communication with nature that "never betrays the heart that loves her." And then, as for the little town itself, it is such a pleasant change to leave the din of a crowded city, and find one's-self suddenly bedded in the midst of a little marine community, where one can hear a full and particular account of every cat that kittles in the next street. All this is very refreshing for a change; I don't know what it would be to spend a lifetime in.

But it is now the end of June, and the weather has "taken up," as we say in Lancashire. Land and sea are smiling beneath cloudless skies, and the whole earth is flush of fruits and flowers. The balmy air is loaded with song, and sunshine, and goodly smells; and "night only draws a thin veil o'er the day." Every train brings a fresh swarm of butterflies that love the sea, and the rattle of jaunting-cars is heard from early morn till dewy evening folds up the "green hills of holy Ireland" in her gauzy mantle. The winter "hen parties" are over for a while, and lodging-house keepers have no time to sit baking their knees at a gloomy fire, and retailing local scandal. The little town is brisk as a bee, from the railway station right through to the wild creek, called "The Wash Pot," at the foot of Ramore hill. Very soon there will hardly be a house to be had for love or money. Light-hearted children make the air glad all day with their prattle. Familiar summer faces are wandering about the sunny street again; cosy fathers and mothers, with smiling families about them; and strangers of all sorts and conditions; Sir this and Sir that, his Grace the Duke of so and so, and the Lord knows who, with a considerable mixture of "the stubble end of the quality," and a crowd of well-dressed "nobodies," splashed here and there with a keen-eyed American, who has hurried across the Atlantic to "do Europe in six weeks." It is surprising to see the number of Americans who visit this remote nook of Britain. The inevitable, the inexorable German band is here again, blowing tuneless trumpets to the wearied skies; and, during the last two days, our old friend Punch has had everybody on the grin—old and young, gentle and simple—from one end of the town to the other. The aged and the invalid are coming forth from sick chambers now, to inhale renovation from the balm and beauty outside; and the sun seems to have suddenly brought out also the very poor and old from their neglected corners,—mostly staid-looking, life-worn totterers, who prefer open air starvation to pauper-imprisonment, and who meander timidly about, trying to get "a trifle for a bit of tea, from the quality that visit the shore;" and now and then, though very rarely in this part of the island, there comes a wandering compound of bad smells and "looped and windowed raggedness," imploring charity with practised whine. I heard of a mendicant of the latter description, asking alms at a house in this neighbourhood the other day, and who, on being told to "Be off out o' that, an' go to the poor-house!" replied, "Bedad, I don't think I could go to a poorer house nor this, any way!" I see the same weather-beaten fishers come lounging up from the shore, though there may be many a gap in their ranks since last year, that I know nothing of. The same bare-footed women are hawking each day's fresh fish, and the same blue-painted churns bring the morning's milk. The same old fiddlers, too, are wandering about the streets, seemingly unchanged even to their shoe-ties,—one of them playing "Charlie is my darling," and "The green banks of Clady;" the other, playing "The pretty girl milking her cow," "Granny Waile," "The twisting of the rope," "The last rose of summer," or anything else that he is asked for, whether he knows it or not; and when he has finished, he walks away, with his blind face upturned to the sky, crooning to himself,—

> The sweetest divarsion that's under the sun,
> Is to sit by the fire till the praties are done.

The post office is busy now from morning to night, with trinkets, toys, letters, lace, wooden spades, wheel-barrows, shells, and the news of the day; and the waves that lave the smooth beach at the foot of "The Ladies' Bathing Rock," are leaping with delight around the laughing nymphs that crowd that pretty nook of the refreshing sea. I meet them sometimes, returning from the shore with glowing eyes, and damp tresses tossing wild behind to dry in the sunshine.

It is curious to note how one's personal acquaintance grows in a little place like this, from year to year. I seem to know everybody in the town now, by head-mark. The lads upon the street call to me by name. Poor old Jack Mc. Connell, though eighty-four years of age, treats me to many a strange descant on geology, chemistry, poetry, and traditional lore; and "Dummy," the cow-boy, never passes without a smile, and a marlock of recognition. These, however, I have known in former years, amongst others never to be forgotten. But amongst the few acquaintances I have formed during this visit, it has been my fortune to fall into friendly communion with a gentleman of the name of Horner—a man of rare experience and artistic power, whose ingenious conversations, and beautiful paintings of this remarkable coast, have been a great delight to me. I found him working, with genuine love for his art, in cheery solitude; and I hope his shadow may never grow less till we meet again. And thus, on our way through life, we sometimes become unexpectedly linked with scenes and persons by whom the whole course of our existence is irresistibly affected. "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will."

AMATEUR *v.* PROFESSIONAL CRICKET.

THE question whether amateurs have on the average a greater or less chance of success in cricket and boating contests, with those who make such pursuits a means of earning a livelihood—whether amateurs or professionals (players and watermen, as they are technically called) are likely to be most successful, is not finally settled. Amateur oarsmen and watermen seldom or never meet; that part of the question does not, therefore, appear likely to be solved by practical trial. But the matches, Gentlemen *v.* Players of England, is a feature of the cricketing season. This year, the two matches played in the South, both terminated in favour of the Gentlemen, though each was sufficiently close to make the final issue a matter of doubt and interest up to the close of the game. A match similar in kind, though of less importance in degree, was played at Ashton a fortnight ago, in which the Gentlemen and Players of Lancashire were pitted against each other. The two teams may be considered fairly representative, though considering that the list of gentlemen did not include the names of Mr. Appleby, probably the most effective bowler the county has produced, and of Mr. Hornby, one of its most distinguished batsmen; and that the Players had not the assistance of Hickton, another very successful county bowler, the elevens could hardly be considered the strongest possible. The result was a "draw;" at the time when play ceased, the Players had 80

runs to get, and five wickets to go down. They had put on 108 runs for the first five wickets, so that the termination of the match may be said to have been rather against the Amateurs. But with the exception of Iddison, who played a not out innings of 44, and who has the happy knack of almost always scoring well for his side when runs are much wanted, the most formidable players had been got rid of, so that the result of the match was at least doubtful.

At first sight it would seem that such a comparison of merit should result in favour of the professionals. They choose, or are chosen for the vocation, in consequence of some special ability, natural or acquired. Besides that, they are affected by the same inevitable fondness for celebrity and popularity, as the gentlemen. There is an additional motive for exertion in mercenary considerations. To achieve and maintain a reputation, the attainment of a certain standard of excellence is necessary; and, of course, the greater a player's reputation, the more frequently will his services be called into requisition, and the larger will be the income derived from his work. The professionals have also the advantage of longer and more regular practice. For six months, more or less, cricket is the occupation of their lives. It is certain that players have generally the better of one quality. Their batting is more marked by patience. They will keep up their wickets with patient carefulness, risking nothing by rashness, playing difficult bowling in a scientific way, without getting runs, perhaps, but will continue to keep the bails in their proper place, and the ball out of the fielder's hands, until the bowling becomes looser or wilder. Few gentlemen can be found who will or who can do this for any length of time. When the bowling is unusually and continuously hard to play, either the batting becomes rash, or the end comes, or perhaps both come at the same moment.

There are, however, two sides to the question. Patience and caution may, and not unfrequently do, develope into staleness and slowness. Constant work naturally has a jading influence, and takes away some of the life and vigour of a player's style. The batting of gentlemen is always the more attractive from the spectator's point of view. It is invariably more brilliant and dashing. There is more "go" in it. Few professionals can point to such a succession of gigantic scores as those made for several successive seasons by Mr. E. M. Grace, or the still more wonderful scores of Mr. W. G. Grace. Lancashire amateurs have no reason to feel ashamed, when they can point to such totals as those made by Mr. Wright in two successive first-class matches. Amateurs, again, nearly always possess the advantage of greater speed in running. The "sprint" from wicket to wicket of such runners as Messrs. Hornby and Wright, may help to realize something of what American "greased lightning" can mean. It is funny, and at the same time rather touching, to see such a runner as Iddison, when sharing the innings with one of the gentlemen we have mentioned. The awful distress suffered by "Roger," as he is affectionately called, all round the field, when he has to run up a four hit, and the pathos of his breathless declaration that he "can't do it, Sir," when a fifth run is contemplated, must be seen to be believed. Indeed that excellent cricketer has latterly taken the precaution, when much running is required, to get conveniently lamed. Then he ties a handkerchief round his thigh, demands some one to run for him, and hits away in high good humour at having all the pleasure and none of the drudgery of run getting.

In the fielding department of cricket, many of the same points of contrast exist. The greater speed which belongs to amateurs, gives them an advantage in some parts of the field. We have seen few professionals who can approach Mr. Hornby in his speed and quickness in reaching and picking up a ball. To watch him in pursuit, when the ball has passed out of his reach, or to see his grand rush at one which threatens to escape his grasp, is to make lazy people wonder, and stout ones gasp. But as in batting—possibly to a greater extent—amateurs are deficient in steadiness. They at times make a brilliant catch, which could not have been got at by a player, but they are much more likely to miss easy chances. In another matter they are generally inferior—they are sooner tired out. A long stand, made by good batsmen, often altogether breaks them down. An up-hill game is that which is least favourable to their powers. Their faculties are not trained by constant exercise to the mechanical perfection with which a good professional eleven seem endowed. With fortune in their favour, their fielding may be faultless, but against greater strength or ill luck they have less power of struggling successfully.

Our inquiry into the relative merits of the two species of the genus cricketer, is an interesting and suggestive subject for speculation, but it does not seem possible to arrive at a certain conclusion. All we can say is, that whilst the Player, by his habits and training approaches most nearly to mechanical certainty and precision, the Amateur is endowed by nature with a freshness and enthusiasm that leads to the attempt, and often to the performance, of feats which, to those not so gifted, would be physically impossible.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

EPISODE IN THE ROYAL VISIT.

IT will have been seen from the daily papers, that in all probability a landing-stage will be erected in the garden of Mr. Alderman Heywood, at Throstle Nest, at which their royal highnesses will disembark, after their odorous progress along the pelucid canal, and from which they will proceed in carriages to the Agricultural Show. It is understood that at this point in the royal journey, the wife of the gentleman who has married the widow of the gentleman who presented the statue of Prince Albert to the city, will be presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales. To this rumour—which is believed to be correct—we are in a position to add that arrangements will be made to accord to the gentlemen who paid for the insignificant canopy in which the statue is enshrined, the privilege of peeping over the wall at the interesting ceremony.

THE HAYMARKET COMPANY.

We are glad to see that the Haymarket Company are bringing on their provincial tour this year a few novel afterpieces, so that we shall be spared the repetition of at any rate some of those coarse farces which on previous visits have been so great a drawback to their entertainments. True, one of these novelties is only a burlesque, but it is distinguished by a wonderful imitation, on the part of Mr. Kendal, of Herr Bandmann. Another is the celebrated satire of *High Life Below Stairs*. In the former piece, Mr. Kendal sings a clever song, and in the latter dances a clever dance. The Haymarket Company make their appearance at the Theatre Royal this day week. Although Miss Madge Robertson has not been acting with them lately—having had a season at the Gaiety—it is pleasant to know that she will again accompany them upon their visit here.

THE "COURIER" AND THE CITY COUNCIL.

It is all very well to go in for a slashing article now and then. Slashing articles are very good things in their way, provided they slash at what ought to be slashed at; but the worst of them is that they have got into an unfortunate habit of slashing at what ought not to be slashed at. Yesterday week, the *Courier* worked itself up into a great state of municipal perspiration. It went in for a regular bastinado of the corporations of Manchester and Salford, upon every subject it could think of, entirely regardless of the trivial consideration whether they deserved it or not. Corporations do with a good deal of poking up, but this indiscriminate sort of abuse is calculated to make the censor look considerably more foolish than the patient. There is no objection whatever to the *Courier's* making itself as foolish as it pleases, but there is very much objection to its making itself as untruthful as suits its purpose. The writer who says that Manchester is governed on just the same principles as a parish vestry, and by just the same class of persons as those who compose such, simply makes an exhibition of his critical incapacity; and when he sneers at Manchester water, he only writes his paper down an ass; but when he says that the council are providing refreshments for their own families at the public expense, on a certain approaching occasion, he becomes contemptible. We scarcely

need remark that the assertion is utterly untrue. There are enough legitimate subjects for ridicule in connection with the corporation, without inventing any. Some members of the council are silly enough, goodness knows; but nobody who had the least regard for truth, or a spark of chivalry in his composition, would ever bring against them so pitiful an accusation as this. Whatever they do—be it wise or foolish—at least, they do for nothing. The corporation is absurd enough sometimes, but it is the very men who ridicule it who elect into it the members who make it absurd. It is a wonder that a few men above the parish vestry class can still be found to take upon themselves its onerous duties, when the only return they get is the certain one of being hooted and howled at, and told lies about, by journalists who are trusted with pens which they have not the ability to manage.

THE ODOURS OF STRANGEWAYS AND BROUGHTON.

We sometimes think that if we were compelled to lose one of our senses, and had the option given to us, we should elect to be bereft of the faculty of smelling. This notion chiefly affects us when duty calls us into Strangeways and the Bury New Road. We used to think that the Duke of Bridgewater's canal was bad, but that "cut" is completely distanced by the streets above named. First, one has to run the gauntlet of a villainous compound of smells at the junction of the rivers Irk and Irwell. At the present time, these streams more resemble a mixture of tar and soap suds than anything else. Passing under the low railway arches, another series of stenches, peculiar to such places, salutes the nostrils, and before we have got rid of these odours, we encounter the horrors of the wholesale fish market, and of some shops opposite engaged in the retail department of the same trade. Verily Strangeways "hath an ancient and a fish-like smell," and in hot weather, *en route* to church on Sundays, the contemplative worshipper is reminded of spicy breezes other than those sung of by Bishop Heber. In the hilly districts of Higher Broughton one might naturally expect a purer atmosphere, but no! Soon as the evening shades prevail, the moon takes up the wondrous tale, and the tall chimney of the paper works belches forth an odious and insidious stench, which at times is absolutely sickening. At such moments we fully appreciate the words of the sacred writer and exclaim, "O that I had the wings of a dove, that I could fly away and be at rest!"

THE GAS TAR SCANDAL.

We thank Mr. Councillor Dyson, of Salford, for the time, the trouble, and the courage which he has devoted to the exposure of the gas tar scandal. He has performed a difficult duty with admirable temper and conspicuous ability. He has laid the intricate question before the Salford council and the public in a most lucid and conclusive manner. He could not have been paid a better compliment than Mr. Alderman Platt, the chairman of the Salford gas committee, paid him by losing his temper on the occasion of his opening revelation, and having an important business engagement on the occasion of his smashing reply to the inglorious report of the committee. Any offer to retire from the council was a poor rejoinder. He was paid another compliment by the speech of Mr. Councillor Johnson in support of the committee, which was a wonder of feebleness. The cowardice of the council prevented the passing of his resolution, but that only rendered his own courage the more conspicuous. The scant courtesy with which Mr. Dyson has been treated by the Manchester authorities, induces us to believe that their gas tar business is in a similarly rotten condition. That does not necessarily follow, however: it is always a difficult task for officials to be civil. Is there no Dyson in our own town council, to inquire into the matter?

"GENTLEMEN" AMATEURS.

Are the committee of the late Athletic Festival going to give an account of their conduct with regard to the disqualification of one of the competitors, on the ground that he was not a gentleman? An explanation must be given, or a Manchester athlete will pass into a synonym for a snob. "Gentleman," in the phrase "gentleman-amateur," is only an expletive: the phrase means, unprofessional. There are no such things as gentlemanly or ungentlemanly muscles. Muscles are muscles; and one of the best moral uses of athletes is to teach that nature makes no difference between snobs and clods. What is a gentleman? If the strict moral standard were maintained, what would become of the Athletic Festival? Who is to judge? If the committee did the contemptible deed which is ascribed to them, they would be disqualified themselves. This being the manliness induced by manly sports, commend us to a sedentary life and spindle-shanks. Come, *Pall Mall* athletes, let those superfine muscles rest, unroll those finical shirt-sleeves, pull down those genteel trousers, hide those gentlemanly calves—try to be men, instead of mocking manhood!

THE ATHLETIC FETE AT LONGSIGHT.

The Longsight Athletic Festival, on Saturday last, passed off very satisfactorily,—under which common-place we include brilliant weather, a goodly number of spectators, a very fair programme, so far as it went, and time better observed than usual on such occasions. The arrangements were very simple. A quarter-mile race-course roped off, and enclosing almost the whole area of the cricket ground. Inside this area, the boxing, single-stick, and jumping. No platform, but owing to the large space of ground, every one could see the sports with comfort, or at least might have done so if the aristocratic halo which pervaded the pavilion side had not caused that side to be crowded, while the other three sides were comparatively empty. The two or three policemen present made great pretence of keeping the space in front of the pavilion clear; but, beyond every now and again singling out some one unoffending person, and fiercely ordering him off, they were more successful in intention than reality, and at last gave up the attempt altogether. We noticed one great improvement on the Manchester Athletic Festival—the numbers of the successful competitors were hoisted in proper order on the scoring board after each contest—a great boon to strangers like ourselves. There was nothing calling for special notice about the races, except the running of Snow in the mile race. He completed the distance in 4 minutes 37¼ seconds,—a shorter time than he has ever done it in before. Messrs. Atkinson and Pape also ran well, and the latter won the half mile handicap very cleverly. With regard to the gymnastics—under which term appears to be included every exercise except racing—we observed, with some surprise, that there was no fencing, no trapeze, parallel bars, or rings; no dumb-bell or Indian-club exercises, in fact, nothing but single-stick, high and wide jumping (by the way, why is it "high *leaping*" and "wide *jumping?*") and boxing,—the last in two divisions, for men above and under 5 ft. 7 in. respectively. There was a good deal of savage hitting on both occasions, and also more "claret spilling" (we believe this is the correct term) than we have ever witnessed between amateur boxers, or wish to witness again. One of the competitors, under 5 ft. 7 in., a particularly stout and powerful man, went so fiercely to work that the judges interfered, whereupon he flung off his gloves in disgust, and retired. On the whole, we wish that the committee had substituted some one or two other and more important gymnastic exercises, and thus spared us what was the only unpleasant portion of the programme.

DISSOLUTION WITH A VENGEANCE.

THERE lately appeared in the advertising columns of a serene contemporary, a notice of the close of a partnership. It was there stated that the firm which, altering names, we may call Solemnly, Son, and Jolly, was dissolved by the death of Solemnly, on the day mentioned, "in pursuance of the articles of partnership!" We were stricken with dismay when we reflected that the late lamented must have engaged himself by the partnership deed to observe a day for the dissolution, not only of the partnership, but of himself as well. And this engagement, strange to say, appears to have been both solemnly made and religiously kept. We could scarce believe the announcement on a first perusal, but as it appears confirmed by two respectable solicitors whose names are appended, and who no doubt witnessed it, we cannot further doubt the melancholy event. It is the first time we have ever heard of a partnership on this new kind of "terminating principle," and we cannot say that we like the idea. The attention of our amiable and urbane friend the coroner will, no doubt, be called to the circumstance, and we have every confidence that he will promptly make all that is at present so mysterious, perfectly free and open.

IN MEMORIAM.

[FROM MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.]

To a Favourite Boy (such as Brutus's Lucius in *Julius Cæsar*), who died young, and in the Poet's Home.

My Lucius, thou for whom more lightly lies
The earth that hides thee, gather'd in thy bloom!
No perishable marble bring I, boy,—
No work of hands not mine!—but pliant box,
And vine-shoots of the spring, with meadow-flowers
Such as grow fairer when bedewed with tears.

These my grief-offerings, this thy monument,
Accept, O darling! and, when I am dead,
Such, and no other, is the tomb I crave.

BURLESQUE AND EXTRAVAGANZA IN MANCHESTER.

THEATRICAL management is indeed a mystery. It appears to persist in supplying what there is no demand for, and in refusing to supply what there is a demand for. If there is one thing more certain than another, in reference to Manchester theatricals, it is that flimsy programmes are unsuccessful here, and that, as a general rule, burlesques are an abomination in the sight of the town. Notwithstanding this notorious fact, after being deprived of all dramatic entertainment for a fortnight, both our theatres reopen with performances there is not any wish to see. We seem to be systematically deprived of the amusements we desire. We crave good substantial comedy, and we only get it at long intervals.

Public opinion has given up the Theatre Royal management as incurable. It seems to have completely lost its head. The only thing that ever took people to the Royal for the last twelve months was the knowledge that, bad as would be the play and execrable as would be the scenery, they would at least see Everill and Righton. Mr. Righton has been permitted to go to America, and Mr. Everill advertises in the *Era* for an engagement. We have a second time crammed down our mouths the disgraceful *Grand Duchess*, which has already failed here once. We are sick of its name; we loathe its indecency; its very music is beginning to be a bore. It now annoys one like a tune one can't get out of one's head. We are sorry to recommend anyone not to go and see Mr. Fred Payne, whose performance in the piece is a marvel of pantomime and glorious enjoyment; but the Theatre Royal management must be made to suffer for its incompetence and stubbornness, and even Mr. Payne's performance does not compensate for the hackneyed and disgusting *Duchess*.

The Prince's Theatre, though not so inveterate, and by no means so gross an offender, is still open to remonstrance. Because it was kind enough to patronise a pantomime of Mr. Brough's, that is no reason why it should be afflicted with all the trash which Mr. Brough may write, the year round. Moreover, as Mr. Doran courageously told the theatrical profession, at a recent dinner, *Joan of Arc* is a shameful travesty of a noble subject.

Managers get into ruts which they are quite unable to get out of. If a man writes something which happens to be successful, they go and dose the public with him and his rubbish until the public is sick of him. We get play after play from the same worn-out pens over and over again. It is pretended that the public won't support new hands. It is all nonsense. They never get a fair chance. The public will patronise anything good, whether it is written by a prince or a clodhopper. And the new hands could not possibly be worse than the old ones. Why should theatrical management be such a trades-union, or, rather, so exclusive a trades-union? Are managers incapable of enterprise and energy?

THE CUP AND THE LIP.

On dit. One of the honourable members for this city feels considerable annoyance at the failure of Earl Russell's Life Peerage Bill, as it was in contemplation by the Government to raise him to the Peerage, under the provisions of that bill, by the title of Baron Turveydrop of Hayes-leigh.

THE CLUBS OF MANCHESTER.

THE REFORM.

MANCHESTER political life has found its latest expression in a club. It would appear that the Montagues and Capulets of the city mutually suppose it to be now necessary to provide a known and accessible rendezvous, where they can arrange the proper occasions for "biting their thumbs" at each other, and, as a municipal functionary once happily expressed it, of "flinging down the gauntlet of friendship." Evidently they have been taking counsel with that sensible old fellow Æsop, and have come to think that the story of the bundle of sticks may have something in it after all. Organisation has become the vice—or the virtue—of the age. Somehow in these latter days everything and everybody has to be organised. Society indeed is being organised within an inch of its life. You organise a colonial administration, or a cabinet, or a church union, or a tailor's tariff, or a beefsteak pudding, or a public funeral. And now Manchester has organised for itself a Conservative Club and a Reform Club. It has got to be a necessity, therefore, that we all declare our principles. "Under which King Bezonian?" is the question we are constantly putting to each other, and according as we answer it, do we wend our way to the camp in St. James's Square, or get under political canvass at Spring Gardens. There is no option. You are obliged to make up your mind on the subject, whether Providence has provided you with the article or not, and politicians are intolerant, and won't permit you to play Ishmael with impunity. Moreover, you are told that you owe it to your party to be "one of us;" for they will tell you, plaintively, with the grim humour of Benjamin Franklin, "If we don't hang together we shall be sure to hang separately." In other words, you won't get your fair share of parliamentary representation. If you happen to say that parliamentary representation may go to the deuce, and that you don't want your fair share of it, you merely make it more easy for your friends to promote a commission of lunacy, and—there you are.

We were thinking, the other day, over the inconveniences entailed by this condition of the public temper, as we meandered up Spring Gardens to the Reform Club, instigated to the journey by one who could make us free to its mysteries. Our *cicerone* was a Radical of—shall we say—a transcendental complexion. He was a Radical in the early days when a Radical was a man who was dinnerless, or a fanatic, or a philosopher. He knows the story of Manchester politics since the time when William Cobbett was a candidate for Manchester, and when what is called Liberalism (in a white hat) had to fight for its life (and its castor) in "Market-street Lane." But he doesn't look it. Indeed, he looks so very much the reverse of all this that we may say a word or two about him by way of description. Imagine a rather tall, slender gentleman, stooping slightly, with thought rather than with years; his crisp moustache and beard of auburn, flowing hyacinthine curls, and the contour of a statue. He moves with the long soft step of Disraeli, and seems compounded of student, crusader, and the Angel Gabriel—altogether the oddest amalgam for a Radical that can be seen in Lancashire.

"You see the Liberal party in Manchester, strong as it is, can't afford mutinies among its own men, and the accident of an Edward James couldn't be allowed to happen every day," observed the Angel—we beg pardon—our friend Gabriel. "A political club is not a specific, perhaps, against that kind of insubordination," he pursued, "but if the sensible men of the party see each other often, or every day, over billiards or a potato, the odds are that the little 'Caves' and 'Tea-room' treasons peculiar, perhaps, to

'independent' politicians, contrive to get themselves knocked on the head—before the head has got any brains in it. At all events," he resumed, as we had passed the Clarence, "a Reform Club has its *raison d'etre*, and—here it is."

The premises before which we paused are almost exactly opposite the entrance to the gallery of the Queen's Theatre, which is now being transformed into a block of new warehouses. The Reform Club itself, having been recently a four-storey warehouse, has undergone a not less pantomimic transformation than its theatrical neighbour. We mounted a long flight of steps, the edges of which were broadly shod with shining and slippery brass. It was a long way up. "'Excelsior' is the liberal motto," remarked our friend Gabriel, "we don't grovel on the ground floor, you see. I dare say the journey discourages elderly politicians and asthmatic reformers, but a fellow who is sound in wind and limb gets over it, if he doesn't shoot down stairs over the slippery brass, into the street. Waggs," he continued, "who is on a committee, suggests that we ought to climb into the place by instalments, and provide Alpenstocks and brandy and soda half-way up." We gasped a word of appreciation of the prospective benevolence of Waggs, and stood on the landing.

"Though it isn't a palace, the place is sufficiently comfortable—*pro. tem.* The thing is provisional in both senses," remarked our guide, hanging his hat on a peg, and pointing to another for our own beaver. "On the first floor, here, you see we have an entrance-hall (by courtesy), a lavatory, hat and cloak room, bar for liquors, coffee, and the like, dining-room, the last embracing a snug apartment for the reception of the good things that descend from the kitchen on the third floor," said he, and, as it were, waving his eye around for our instruction. We found the lavatory perfect, and the corporation water unexceptionable.

"I don't know how many people they can dine here at once," said our friend, as we entered the dining-room, "but you may try to guess, if you like. These floors, you may have observed, extend from Spring Gardens all the way through into Brown Street. This dining-room is about 70 feet long, by 26 feet broad, and if it was proportionately lofty, we should have rather a fine banquetting hall. As it is, the rooms are no higher than any other old-fashioned Manchester warehouse, sacred to the textile fabrics of the country."

We recognised the proverbial difficulty of converting a silk purse into a sow's ear, and praised the committee for what it had been able to accomplish, which, certainly, was a great deal. The chamber was handsomely fitted and decorated, the furniture massive and stately; the tables were sheets of snow and glittering crystal, and gleaming with steel and silver. The waiters moved noiselessly over the Axminster, and were as irreproachably and oppressively respectable as these ecclesiastical looking personages are wont to be. It must suffice to say that the *cuisine* was good, and perfectly served, and that such vintages as we were inclined to discuss had the orthodox *bouquet*, and did credit to the Radical committee to whom its selection had been confided. In a word, if, as Byron has it, "life is only tolerable after meals," the persons who dine at the Reform Club, must find this a very endurable world indeed. When one had leisure to survey the company, which was considerable, it was not easy to discover, on the surface, anything to distinguish a company of gentlemen who happen to be Liberals from a company of gentlemen who happen to be Conservatives. A casual observer, on the occasion we refer to, would only have seen an assembly of well-bred and suave persons, mingling a very agreeable employment with a pleasant murmur of polite and miscellaneous conversation. Any one familiar with the *personnel* of Manchester political notabilities would recognise here many who have, for any number of years, formed a part of the fierce democratic of the district. We saw political centurions and subalterns, and veterans of the rank and file, and ardent recruits, and, indeed, all the elements that make up the grand army of Manchester Liberalism, condescending to be hungry, like the common people who know not politics. There were present many varieties of mind, of culture, and of fortune; for a club is, without doubt, a curiously democratic institution. We observed that the surrounding towns, where, for the most part, may be discovered a more vigorous political life than what is found to prevail in Manchester, had sent a massive and vehement contingent, apparently to prove that political force and enthusiasm were compatible with a magnificent digestion.

"You see those three diners at one table, in the middle of the room?" remarked our friend Gabriel. "They are all out of one mould. Poets, they say, are born, not made. The men you see can hardly have been born; they are big enough to have been built. We have many of those massive politicians from the country, abounding with an energy and enthusiasm incomprehensible to the tamer spirits of great cities. There is a latent power and fire in them that, in a political crisis, makes them as irresistible as a charge of the Six Hundred. To be sure," he added, "your effective men are not invariably fifteen or sixteen stone. My friend Buccleuch, yonder, chatting to a rising young barrister, has, in spite of that shadowy physique of his, a passion and a capacity for politics—our politics, of course—that, in his own particular sphere, has never been rivalled amongst us. I wish to the lord he would get some more beef on his bones, for to his party he is simply invaluable."

We remarked that Buccleuch, though not what might be called a heavy weight, had evidently plenty of latent fight in him, and would outlive many a fatter man.

"Would he were fatter," he rejoined. "But, come to the next floor, and have a game at pool." We declined billiards, but would watch the Radicals at it. So we ascended. "On this, the second floor," said our guide, "we have a billiard-room, a smoke and conversation-room, and, through that, an apartment for reading and correspondence. While I am about it, I may as well tell you that the third and highest floor in the building is dedicated to the preparation of those excellent things whose names were inscribed on the *carte* in the dining-room. Here they are at it, with their coats off," he continued, as we entered the billiard-room. "It is, it is, the *canon's* opening roar. In this place we worship the politics of the 'pockets.'"

A fine room, elegantly fitted; fine tables, in framework of ebony and gold; twenty or thirty players; observers, on side couches, sipping from glasses placed on little marble tables; the whole steeped in a delicate, dreamy atmosphere of cigar cloud. "We didn't mind if we did." Whereupon more incense ascended to the goddess of Liberalism. The Radical billiard players seemed very much devoted to their occupation. There was a dumpy little Radical, in his shirt-sleeves, who was especially active with the cues, and lay so often with his stomach on the table, and his heels in an horizontal position, that a schoolmaster would have found the opportunity irresistible. He was a pleasant little gentleman, with a free manner, and ever and anon he hitched up his trousers like a braceless mariner, and, indeed, seemed so much of a sailor, like the late Duke of Clarence, that we half expected, when not lying on the table, apparently for punishment, that he would ask us to partake of a quid of tobacco. But he didn't.

We ventured to interrogate our friend as to what, in his opinion, constituted the essential political difference

between the Conservative and the Reform Clubs. "May I trouble you for a light," he remarked, not immediately replying to our question. "I should say," he observed in a few moments, watching the curling blue, blown softly from his lips and diffusing itself aloft, as if it were hovering over the head of a prophet, "I almost think I should say," he observed meditatively, "that the intrinsic difference between the Conservative Club and the Reform Club—I say nothing of eating, drinking, and billiards, you know"—he remarked parenthetically—"the difference is that in the first they vote to live, and in the other they live to vote." Our only commentary was "Humph."

The smoke and conversation room turned out to be a fine and elegantly-furnished apartment, a good deal in the fashion of a drawing room, in which gentlemanly Liberals, known and unknown to fame, were chatting over the politics of Europe, the latest speech of Gladstone, the amendments on the Irish Church Bill, and the politics of Lancashire. We found that the conversation disposed of dynasties and ministries, and ecclesiastical establishments, and Senator Sumner, and Alderman Pochin's seat at Stafford, and the affair of Pomona, with the well-bred *nonchalance* customary with politicians who have an idea that whatever happens the sun will rise to-morrow morning, and that nobody, perhaps, will be seriously the worse for anything that is likely to happen to the solar system. "In this little sanctuary beyond the conversation room," said our friend, "people retire to write their letters and to read, if they please, the Magazines and Reviews, and such like. Here is the *Fortnightly*, you see; and the *Edinburgh*, and the *Quarterly*, and in short, as you perceive, all the swell periodical literature of the time." Observing some engravings on the walls of this and the adjoining apartment, we enquired if the Reform Club elected an art committee to select pictures for the Club. "Art," he replied, "was never the strong point of Radicalism, you know; although what have you got to say about 'The Prince of Wales in Academic Robes,' here?" We had only to say that there were other costumes in which a loyal people would more easily recognise His Royal Highness. As for "The Relief of Lucknow," and "Louis XVI. and his Family in the Temple," or "Group of eminent Men of Science," or "The Stag at Bay," or "The Death of the Otter," or "Humourous Scenes on the Ice," that these "proof" engravings did not altogether prove that there was anything particularly coherent or inspiring about the Radical Art of Manchester, but that—it might have been worse. "Your —— Gallery," we ventured to observe, "possesses one picture where the subject is worthy of the artist, and the artist is worthy of the subject. Rembrandt would not have rendered greater justice to the majestic countenance —'warts and all'—of the Radical patriarch, old Sam Bamford, than Percy has done."

"You are right," exclaimed Gabriel, emphatically, "and I don't despair of yet seeing historic Radicalism on canvas when we have a fitter shrine for it. R. N. Philips gave this picture to the club, and I dare say other of our commercial Medici—our Manchester Lorenzos—may do something for the gallery of the future. But, bother big words: wait until we have raised the sixty thousand pounds wanted for the new building, with frontage into King Street, Brown Street, and Spring Gardens, here."

We could not help rejoining that sixty thousand pounds "is easily said."

"Said and got," he replied. "We are prepared to start operations with thirty thousand pounds, and we already have nearly twenty-three thousand. Moreover, we have Dr. Watts as secretary to the project. The fact is, we want a club which shall be a political home for the Liberalism of the County Palatine—a building that shall be at once a palace, an academy, and an altar. Political earnestness is not dead. It doesn't even sleep. There is plenty of noble work to do in England yet, and you have to find, or make, the men to do it, and fame enough for all."

The angel Gabriel lighted his cigar, and we separated.

OUR JEREMIAH.

OUR Jeremiah is a dog, a Manchester dog, well deserving a place in a Manchester paper. His mother came from Oldham. She was (and *is*, for all we know) the fattest of all fat poodles, obese and unwieldy to a degree, but gifted with many good qualities; mild and amiable in temper, a tender and devoted mother, and able to trace back her descent through generations of thoroughbred poodles. As for our Jeremiah's father, he was poodle also, though scarcely of such good family as his wife. His disposition, too, was inferior, and his habits decidedly low. We grieve to confess it, but truth must out, he was of a vagrant, street-prowling tendency, and fell into bad society. Nevertheless, somehow or other—is not love always blind?—he managed to secure the paw and heart of "Lady," afterwards our Jeremiah's mamma, and they made a match of it. Alas! the husband was no improvement on the bachelor. Our Jeremiah's father rather improved backwards. All affection soon ceased between him and his (in his own respect) unhappy wife. He returned again to old habits and companions. Indeed he can never be said really to have deserted them. Let us leave the subject. It is a painful one. We rather fancy that he vanished during the fearful persecution which raged during the civic reign of Mr. Bowker. At any rate he disappeared from our visible horizon. Two legged reader, take warning!

The result of the ill-assorted match above recorded—the results we should say—were eight little round white woolly balls, so wonderfully alike ln all their parts and proportions, that it was utterly impossible to say which was which, or to distinguish the head, tail, legs, or back of any one of them. These balls expanded—never grew pups so fast before! They were all preserved. Granite must that heart have been which could have allowed a single tuft of wool to sink into the murderous pail! Our first acquaintance with "our Jeremiah" was just at the interesting period when he and his brothers and sisters were beginning to toddle about. Through a window we beheld them. There they were in the yard rolling and staggering about like so many intoxicated aldermen (London, not Manchester ones) in miniature, wagging their little stumps of tails, tumbling over one another, making futile infantile bites at everything, and giving tiny barks—the most absurd little squeaks ever heard—in a very ecstacy of fun and enjoyment. Marvellous was the amount of sustenance required by mother and children. Porridge had to be made in buckets, milk was disposed of by the quart. At last the happy family were separated. The pups went off in different directions. One, and one only, remained to comfort the bereaved mother, and this was our Jeremiah. Soon afterwards the mother herself was called away, and to another and a better:—not indeed to the land of happy dogs—but into the country. Her master, envious perhaps of the picture of family felicity he had had for so many weeks before him, got married, went on his wedding tour, and ordered Lady to be sent to his (and her) new home, ready for his return. Our Jeremiah was left, the solitary survivor of a cellar full of poodles. And really he did not rise to a sense of his forlorn condition,—nay he rose so much above it, as to appear rather more cheerful and omniverous than before.

It was now that we came to lodge in our Jeremiah's home; now, also, that we became intimately acquainted with this poodle of poodles. Since that period, to the present moment, our Jeremiah has been with us by day, and—we might almost say—by night. Literally by night. For some time, and especially during one very cold winter, he contracted a habit of quietly sneaking into one of the bedrooms, and getting as quietly between the sheets. On more than one occasion, when we have forgotten to close the door properly, or left it a little way open, we have awoke in the morning to find a great hot woolly back pressing against our own, and Jerry's tail lying gracefully across the pillow. He always lay head downwards. So much wool was warm, very warm and comfortable, but often enough, unless lately washed, it was dirty, and

unfit for such close contact. Need we say that our Jeremiah was not encouraged in this practice. Even now, however, he indulges whenever he can, in a snooze *on* the bed, although he has learnt no longer to snuggle inside it. If left alone in the house he makes upstairs directly, and sometimes tries every bed in the place, until he finds one soft enough to suit him.

We have allowed the word "Jerry" to slip out unawares. The truth is, our Jeremiah gets his name contracted in this undignified manner, and is simply Jerry nine times out of ten. When spoken *of*, it is "our Jeremiah," when spoken *to*, Jerry is more handy. We like the good old Lancashire custom of prefixing the possessive pronoun to the name of relative or pet. It has a wonderfully endearing effect. "Our Billy," or "our Sally!" There is a sort of affectionate proprietorship, an implied bond of union, scarcely to be described, but perfectly appreciable by any one who notes carefully the intonation, the delicate emphasis, given to the "our." And so it is "*our* Jeremiah,"—part and parcel of the family, and really by no means the least intelligent member of it.

Intelligent! Suppose it to be washing day. Our Jeremiah has to undergo periodic tubbings. His woolly coat gets so fearfully black in the course of a week or two, that a thorough washing is imperatively necessary. Now, not only does he know perfectly well what is about to happen, when invited into the cellar, or when the family clothes are being washed, and there are plenty of tubs and drying materials about, but if, at any time, the solemn words are uttered, "Come and be washed, Jerry," he bolts instanter, or at any rate gets sulky, and goes under chair or sofa in disgust. Never was a dog who aped a human being more in the way of sulks. When vexed, say for instance, when not allowed to go out, or deprived of his special chair in the kitchen, he will retire into a corner, and sulk for hours. Moreover, he detests being laughed at. To laugh at Jerry is to bring on a fit of the sulks in no time. Need we say that, like many other dogs, he remembers injuries; and, though of a forgiving temper, never forgets. Some three years ago, Jerry used to accompany us every morning in an early walk before breakfast. On one occasion, as we returned, he chose to enter a public-house, spite of our whistled remonstrance. We rushed across the street, to the door through which he had vanished, and, as he emerged, caught him one well-aimed—alas, fatally well-aimed—blow with a walking-stick, just below the tail. Jerry is fat, and the stroke told. He fled, howling, and never stopped or looked behind until he reached home. We followed, penitent. We apologised by pattings, and coaxings, and bones. Jerry made friends with us, wagged his tail, and came into our room as usual, at meal times; but—strange and true—from that time to the present he has never walked out with us; he can never be induced to do so. He forgives, but never forgets.

On the first of May, every year, he is clipped all over, and comes out of his wool like a little lamb. Terribly ashamed is he, for some days after, of his bare condition—stays in the house, and avoids his canine friends. The wool taken off his back, after being properly washed, is used for stuffing cushions and chair-bottoms. Some of it was placed in Jerry's own peculiar chair, to which reference has already been made. How Jerry discovered the fact, we know not, but he never rested until he had torn open the leather covering, and scratched out all the stuffing, and this operation he repeated as often as the wool was replaced.

Poodles can be taught all manner of tricks. Our Jeremiah begs, gives paws, walks on hind legs—although he has grown too fat to go far—balances bits of meat on his nose, and makes certain attempts at jumping—alas! he is far too heavy to do more—and usually comes down plump across the stick, in a blundering and ungraceful fashion. If asked to leap a second time, he creeps under the stick, or sits up and begs, or turns on his back, wagging his tail in a conciliatory and apologetic manner all the time, to show you that it is not the will, but the power, which is lacking.

But our Jeremiah's great forte lies in singing. He has, like his mother, a most sensitive ear for music, and, if certain chords are sounded, he lifts up his nose, and howls until the whole house rings again. He will "sing" sometimes of his own accord if he wants anything very badly. Also, he has distinctive barks. If shut out, he gives a succession of short, sharp, but very supplicatory yelps. If pleased, he alters his tone altogether; while his angry notes, at the entrance of a stranger, are totally different again.

There is a cat in the house—a black cat, named Smut. When Jerry's wool is grown, *i.e.*, in the middle of winter, Smut gets on his back, scratches out the wool so as to make a nice bed, and quietly lies down. Many a time have we seen cat and dog thus lying asleep, the one on the top of the other. In *short*-wool seasons Jerry won't stand it, as Smut's claws are sharp and penetrating.

Our Jeremiah is a sad glutton, but no thief. We can leave our dinner in perfect safety, even when he is perched on a chair, with his nose close to our plate. He comes in regularly with the meat, and goes out with it as regularly also. On fish days, Jerry remains in the kitchen. It is not in his line. He has many friends outside, and goes the round of certain shops and houses about dinner time, returning considerably fuller, and ready for his afternoon snooze. We fear—we fear much—that our Jeremiah will go off some day, in a fit of apoplexy. Meantime, he eats, drinks, and sleeps, like the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*.

Poor old Jeremiah! He has had a sad loss. His mistress died not long ago. Harsh sometimes with others, she was always kind to our Jeremiah, and he lost his best friend when she went. Many an hour did he lie across the foot of her bed, while she lay poorly; and a sober, melancholy dog, very different to his former self he was, while she daily sickened more and more until she died. Since that time he has certainly been more quiet and subdued. We sometimes wonder whether there really is a future happy land for good dogs. If so, our Jeremiah will certainly go there.

ABOUT GERMAN BEER.

IN England we consume enormous quantities of alcoholic spirit—generally diluted, the amount of watery adulteration depending somewhat upon the state of the atmosphere, and a good deal upon the time of year. In summer weather, however, the "barley wine" of our ancestors is probably more highly favoured than its "hot rebellious" rivals. Chancellors of the Exchequer and Tory county members are, as a rule, disposed to believe the country to be in a virtuous state when the malt duty is larger than usual. But this malted flood which conduces to Paradise is not always of an evenly excellent quality. Heaven forbid that we should usurp the privilege of Father Mathew's successors, and say that it is occasionally noxious. We have heard it declared, on good authority, that there is no bad beer, albeit some kinds are better than others. Still, one can hardly help believing that even Burton-on-Trent occasionally makes a mistake, and that Queen Victoria's lieges are—at rare intervals, perhaps—obliged to slake their throats with draughts from an adulterated vat. Our friends, the Germans, who muster strongly in Manchester, are apparently discontented with the beverages of our neighbourhood. Bass and Allsopp are world-renowned names to which they pay little or no reverence. The cognomens of Roberts and Deakin they hold in a modified abhorrence. With the clamour for caviare and saurkraut, truffel sausages and Hamburg beef, has arisen a demand for the careful and long considered decoctions of Vienna and Munich.

Washington Irving tells a story of the burgher of Amsterdam who smoked goodness knows how many tons of Virginia tobacco, in determining the plan of a cathedral he intended to erect. We have little doubt German beer is brewed on the same principle upon which the Dutchman's pagoda was built. We brew our beer in something of a hurry. It is only eldest sons, and the tenantry of the eldest sons' fathers, who have rare opportunities of tasting malt liquor brewed with conscience, and preserved with an almost religious care. The German beer we have tasted in Manchester, cheap enough in Germany, but necessarily dear here, from the cost of carriage and of duty, is more carefully concocted than most similar fluids of native manufacture. German beer of the best quality we had lately an opportunity of tasting. At the risk of being considered open to bribery and corruption, we may mention that this amber fluid was the manufacture of Messrs. Dreher, of Vienna, and that the modest sample we were induced to quaff was obtained at an hotel in Piccadilly. The illustrious gentleman to whom we have alluded—Mr. Dreher we mean, not the proprietor of the hotel in question—has invented a new system of brewing. What the system is we care not. The results are undeniable. The taste and flavour of the beer are beyond question. It appears Messrs. Dreher have even in Germany obtained such a reputation that Vienna, which was originally supplied with beer by Bavaria, now produces its own malt liquor, and exports to the amount of 9,301,686 gallons. It is possible that much of the excellence of this beer is due as much to the care with which it is kept as to the system by which it is produced. At the establishment we have mentioned an erection, to which the largest of Milner's safes is a lady's work-box, surrounded with a double lining of zinc, filled with ice, and penetrated with a brass cock, arranged upon some ingenious principle, is apparently necessary for the perfect foaming production of a tumbler of the generous fluid. That the Germans equal us, if they do not surpass us, in the manufacture of malt liquor, the first hot summer will place beyond a question.

G. TWIGG'S Patent Corkscrews. The most powerful ever invented, and being provided with a patent India-rubber pad, which forms an elastic cushion for the neck, they are warranted not to break the bottle. Manufactory: 30, Mosley Road, Birmingham.—Sold by all Ironmongers.

VACCINATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—May I, on the maxim of *Audi alteram partem*, beg of your sense of fair play the insertion of a few remarks on the question of vaccination as a preventative against small pox? I take the complaint to be neither more nor less than putrid typhus, springing from the same causes which produce cholera and diseases of the typhoid species. A mephitic atmosphere, produced by bad drainage and sewerage, ill-ventilated and overcrowded dwellings, insufficiency of proper food, and irregularity of feeding, joined to uncleanliness, is well known to cause many diseases, small pox amongst the number, I am therefore justified in saying I do not believe that small pox originates from a deficiency of cow pox matter in the human system, but is the penalty of a non-observance of nature's laws. Am I then misguided because I refuse to accept animal filth as an antidote against small pox, the effects of street sewer and bodily uncleanliness? Remember that when cows suffer from the foul-looking ulcers whence the discharge is taken, they are in a diseased state, and that disease being most prevalent amongst cattle, the *matter* is just the vehicle to convey it into the system of any one contaminated with it.

Your informant is quite correct in stating that I said that vaccination is much more likely to cause than to prevent small pox, for it is more rational to suppose that a man's system impregnated with the disease by vaccination, is more likely to contract it, even when not brought into actual contact with it, more especially if leading an irregular life, and residing in a locality favourable to the development of disease, than if with body uncontaminated, observing the laws of health, and residing in a house and neighbourhood made healthy by properly carried out sanitary measures. I will prove this if you allow me to do so. In 1866, out of 2,069 patients admitted into the London Small Pox Hospital, no less than 80 per cent had been vaccinated, many two and three times; 1,612 vaccinated contracted it nevertheless. So much for vaccination as a preventative against small pox. The editor of the *Lancet* puts this small pox hospital fact in a different light, in an article in favour of vaccination. He mentions the *deplorable* fact that no less than 20 per cent. of the 2,069 had not been vaccinated, leaving the public to infer that if they *had*, they would not have contracted the direful complaint; but the worthy doctor editor omits the awkward balance of 80 per cent. vaccinated, and who contracted it nevertheless, proving thus that vaccination and filth together, produce the complaint, for no one can doubt that the inmates of a small pox hospital are the representatives of the dirtiest back slums of our great cities. Look at the *rationale*. I assume you love flowers. I do. What would you say if your gardener were to hybridise a diseased plant with a healthy one, in order to prevent the latter becoming diseased, or to *modify* the disease, should it be attacked, would not that be converting a possibility into a pretty safe certainty?

You say small pox prevails again in Manchester and Salford. How remarkably casual. I presume, we must accept this as a judgment of God for disobeying the laws of his chosen servants the doctors. All I can say is, that a sanitary surveyor and architect, together with a civil engineer, would soon place Manchester and Salford in such a state that no fear need be entertained that a scarcity of cow pox matter might result in a return of small pox. If your medical officers of health are better calculated to prevent disease than the men who lay out your parks, widen your streets, build and ventilate your houses, construct your sewerage, drainage, and water-works, erect your public baths and wash-houses, appoint them by all means; but if they merely ask for the erection of fever hospitals and public paid medical officers to attend these institutions; if it is to give elaborate reports as to the prevalence of this or that disease,—you will find that your civil engineers and architects are after all the sanitary officers. They improve your property, reduce your poors' rates, and above all, prevent disease. It is idle for any doctor to talk of *pure* matter. Corruption cannot be pure: it must always contain the germ of disease and premature death. All the skill in the world cannot divest rottenness of this quality; it is one of the laws of nature, and these are unchangeable. To prove what vaccination will do:—In 1866, thirty-two children were inoculated with a loathsome disease, from an apparently healthy child, at Morbihan, in France. The French government sent M. M. Roger and Depaul to investigate the occurrence, and they reported in accordance with the facts just stated. Arm-to-arm vaccination is now prohibited in France under penalty of fine and imprisonment. Sixty-four children were similarly blood-poisoned at Rivalta, near Acqui, in Piedmont, some time since. This was impure matter; of course it was—there is no such thing as pure matter. If not immediately fatal, or visibly repulsive in its after effects, vaccination lays in the system the seed of scrofula, consumption, and premature death.

The *Lancet*, of April 24, contains a statement by Dr. Elam, that during the last thirty years general mortality has increased out of proportion to the increase of the population. The average duration of life has decreased, and although our knowledge of disease has increased, disease is now less efficiently treated than it was thirty years ago. Dr. Elam proves his statement from the bills of general mortality, as published during that period. I blame vaccination. The only test is, what is the general mortality? Nothing is easier than to ring the changes of death.

I see that a doctor states at an inquest held on Saturday last, at Westminster, on the body of a child destroyed by vaccination, that not one in 50,000 die in consequence of it. Permit me to state that in 1860, owing to a defective sanitary state of the camp at Shorncliffe, and which caused an outbreak of small-pox, re-vaccination was ordered Thirteen soldiers died in consequence of it, and several others had to have their arms amputated. You might say, notwithstanding, it is very unlikely if vaccination is so productive of evil, that our doctors would vaccinate their offspring. I answer, there may be some fools who do so, but not one need do it unless he likes. A medical man has only to fill up a certificate from time to time, to say that his child is in an unfit state to be vaccinated, and keep doing so until it is fourteen years of age. But some doctors have been fined for non-compliance with the Act, some of your readers may exclaim. Yes, there were men who refused to evade the law by a quibble. They refused point blank, because they were men of honour, and they persuaded every man and woman to refuse also. They went against the interests of their colleagues, and were, therefore, marked out for punishment.

Small pox, says Sir J. Simpson, has killed in Great Britain and Ireland from 1856 to 1866, 60,000 persons, that is, one in every 5000 of the population. Consumption, scrofula, bronchitis, and heart diseases (all hereditary diseases), killed 4,500,000. During the same time the mortality in Great Britain and Ireland being 700,000 a year, or 7,000,000 in ten years, a number seven times the population of the kingdom of Denmark. Remember next that neither small pox, cholera, nor typhus are hereditary, but that consumption, scrofula, bronchitis, and heart diseases are; that a father or mother dying leaves it to his or her offspring, and you will agree with me that vaccination has already done that for England which it will take generations of health-loving and health-seeking men and women to remove.

I have no earthly interest to serve to speak against the measure, nor have Drs. Pearce, Harding, Sexton, Collins, Caplin, Dixon, Ellis, Henriquet, Mc Reed, Skelton, Borman, and others. The medical upholders have. The medical men acting as public vaccinators receive from £100 to £1,000 a year, whilst the members of the profession at large benefit by the fees received for the treatment of the diseases engendered. With reference to the statistics, they are made up from the certificates of medical men interested in the maintenance of vaccination, and therefore valueless. The general mortality of the country is the best criterion as to its health.

Seeing that in France and the United States vaccination is optional (in France it is taken from the heifer, but, this being an experiment only, it will, ere long, cease to be the case), I protest heartily against a law which, in God-fearing, Bible-distributing, free England, sends to prison fathers and mothers because they prefer to believe in the wisdom of God, and an observance of the laws of health, to the interested empiricism of man.—Yours very respectfully,

F. DUPRÉ, M.D.

Portland Terrace, Oxford Street,
Manchester, July 14, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—I thank you for directing public attention to the subject of vaccination, and beg you will allow me a few lines, as a disbeliever in the virtues of vaccination. And first, I must protest against your assertion that vaccination is "the only yet discovered preventative and palliative of this awful scourge"—the small pox. Dr. Wm. Collins, of London, who was for more than twenty years a public vaccinator, states, in his essay on the subject (a copy of which I forward), "I have no faith in vaccination; nay, I look upon it with the greatest disgust, and firmly believe that it is often the medium of conveying many filthy and loathsome diseases from one child to another, and it is no protection from small pox."—Miss Florence Nightingale, in her *Notes on Nursing*, says, "I have seen with my eyes and smelt with my nose small pox growing up in close rooms, or in overcrowded wards. Nothing used to be considered so infectious and contagious as small pox; and people, not very long ago, used to cover up patients with heavy bedclothes, while they kept up large fires and shut the windows. Small pox, of course, under this *regime*, was very 'infectious.' People are somewhat wiser now in their management of this disease." Miss Nightingale adds that cleanliness, ventilation, &c., are the best preventives of this and other diseases. Dr. F. R. Lees is of opinion that three-fourths of the deaths formerly resulting from small pox were caused by injudicious treatment. I agree with Dr. Dupré, that small pox has been fostered by vaccination; and it is certain that the detestable practice has largely augmented infant mortality. I could quote the Registrar General, &c., in support

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of this statement, and in explanation of your figures, but time and space forbid. I ask your attention to the tables in Dr. Pearce's essay, which accompanies this note, and shall be happy to supply reliable medical testimony upon this important subject to any inquirer.

HENRY PITMAN.

Holyrood House, Prestwich.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., "Main" Printing Offices, 37, Oxford-st, Manchester

Public Notices.

Express Trains for Blackpool.

LANCASHIRE & YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT OF EXPRESS TRAINS FOR BLACKPOOL.

The public are respectfully informed that a New Express Train now leaves Manchester for Blackpool at 4-30 p.m. daily, arriving at Blackpool at 5-45 p.m. This Train will leave at 1-15 p.m. on Saturdays.

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Superintendent's Office, Victoria Station, Manchester, July 8th, 1869. By order.

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Victoria Station, Manchester, June 7, 1869.

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The public are respectfully informed that ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS to MANCHESTER, from all Stations at which they are usually issued, will be available from Saturday the 17th to Monday the 28th July, both days inclusive.

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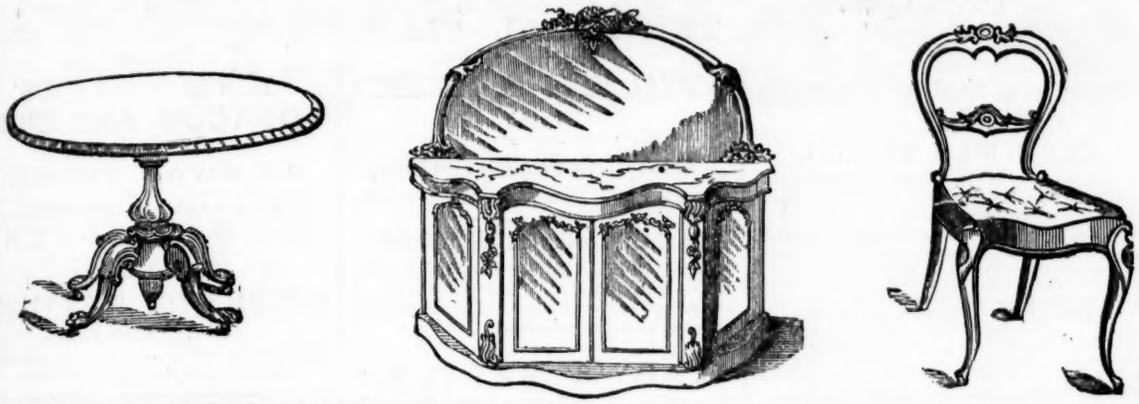

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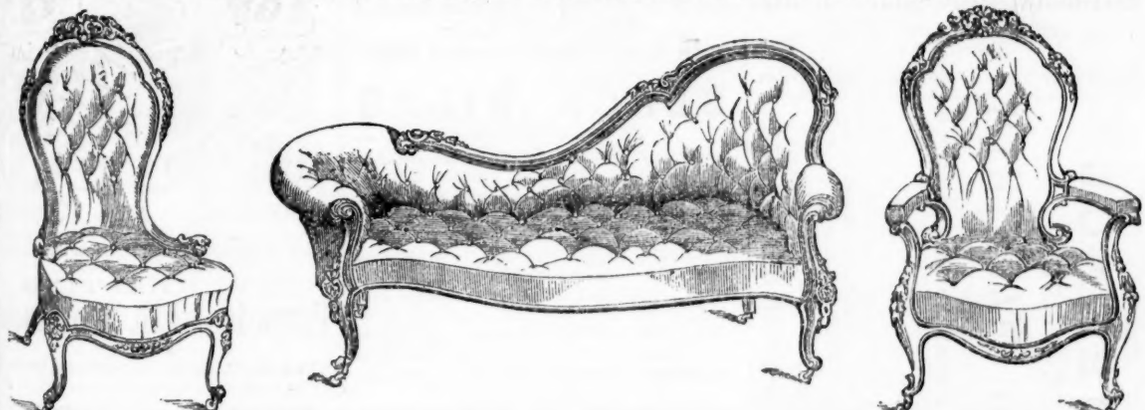

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